

The Visions of Marietta Davis

Presented in Contemporary English

Parts 1 of 3

Written in 1848

by

Marietta Davis

Editor's Note:

When Marietta Davis wrote this book in 1848, she used several words that would be quite difficult for most modern readers. This is the reason I tried to write this book in contemporary/modern English. But even then there were some words which I puzzled over—what was Marietta trying to say?, or how would she say it if she were speaking in a simple, contemporary English? Here are some of Marietta's words that I omitted:

fain, preponderating, effulgence, habiliments, dissever, behooves, and vouchsafed; and phrases such as:

“a sable veil of nether night,”

“indulgence of propensities”

“reversion of the movement of destructive tendency”.

If any reader is an expert to the older English language, and wishes to help me better express Marietta's thoughts, please write me at:

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Who is Marietta Davis?

Marietta Davis is a lady to whom God gave a vision that lasted nine days, while she was in a coma. This edition is divided into three parts:

Part 1 –Marietta was taken to see the nurturing of new-born babies who died, and their spirits were taken to heaven by an angel –32 pages.

Part 2 –Marietta was taken to hell where she met two ladies whom she knew from her younger years.

Later, an atheistic philosopher lectured her, and still later she saw a minister being exposed as a hypocrite by a member of his own congregation –30 pages.

Part 3 –Marietta saw in the vision Jesus’ life starting with the last supper, the betrayal by Judas, his arrest, his trial, his beating, Judas’ repentance, Pilate’s wife’s dream, his crucifixion and resurrection –55 pages.

But, what about Marietta? She lived with her mother and two sisters, who were all believers in Jesus and members of a church, but Marietta was not a believer. God chose to give this vision to her while she was an unbeliever. As she lay in bed one day, her spirit left her body. She (her spirit) could see her body lying on the bed when an angel came and took her spirit to heaven to see the scenes in this book. She awoke nine days later. Marietta was 25 years old at the time of this vision. That was in the year of 1848. She and her family lived in a town in New York state.

I, the editor of this book, copied the text from the internet. That text was written in an old English style with quite a few difficult words. I have tried to put it into contemporary English language and simplify it where possible. I have also tried to keep it simple enough to be suitable for children who can read.

— 1 —

Introductory Statement

There is no way I can describe the scenes that I saw. Human speech and comprehension are inadequate to picture the things that I participated in while my body was resting in unconscious slumbers. There is no way good enough to give you a complete description of those things which are invisible to mortals and go far beyond human understanding. Human speech cannot match the beauty and perfection of heavenly speech; the things we think are all corrupted.

You ask me for an account of what I saw and heard, but I am conscious of my complete inability to give you a good account. Just thinking about trying to describing those scenes to you causes me pains.

Long ago I discovered the vanity of earthly things, the imperfections of human relationships, the unreliability of vast portions of religious faiths and impressions, and the lack of permanent peace in the troubled soul of man. Most earnestly I wanted to know the reality of what mortals call ‘immortality’.

After meditating day after day, trying to determine the nature and tendency of the human soul, I finally became less conscious of the things of this world; and my thoughts, my inner being, my soul grew stronger and more active. The activities of mortals became dim shadows to me as I lost interest

in all of them. This was my state of mind when my vision closed to the outer world.¹

Her Spirit Leaves the Body

Then strange new objects appeared. I did not know that I was leaving this world of sorrow and of human strife. Neither did I understand that my spiritual vision was opening. At first I dimly saw things moving before I came to realize that they were real—the dawning of an immortal life. I seemed to be departing from one condition and, launching out into a boundless sea of unexplored regions. While in a vision I did not understand, I found myself floating in midair over an immeasurable deep below while. Alone, unguided, and uncertain, my timid spirit gladly would have returned to the land of shadows where it came from.

Half-conscious of my present condition, with dreamy thoughts, I seemed to ask, “Is there no one familiar with this journey I am on, to guide me through this trackless space?” When lo! in the distance, and above me, I saw a light descending, having the appearance of a brilliant star. As it advanced, its foreshadow illumined the area around me, and my tremulous spirit received new life from its invigorating glory that was beaming down on me. Gently I began to move and ascend, drawing closer to the source of that light. My spirit was enlivened and gladdened. As I approached it, I noticed the outlines of what appeared to be a glorified human being, which gradually became more distinct. Then I realized that this was an angel that was poised in the atmosphere before and above me. The excellence of this being far exceeded the highest conception of my mind. That angelic form, more lovely than languages can portray, moved silently as it drew near me. Upon her head was a crown formed like a cluster of rays of gems. In her left hand was a cross, an emblem of meekness, innocence and redeeming grace; in her right hand a wand of pure intellectual light. With this she touched my lips, which like a flame of holy love, it quickened an immortal principle in me. This enlivening spirit spread throughout my being. A new class of sensations awoke within me, being moved harmoniously, prompted a desire for companionship with the angelic being. I looked upon her, wishing to learn her name, when lo! she spoke. She said: “Marietta, you desire to know me. In my errand to you I am called the Angel of Peace. I have come to guide you to those who are from the earth, where you are from. Do you want to profit by this lesson? Follow me. But first behold your human form in that world.” There, far below me, and through a dark and misty way, I beheld and saw this sickly body of mortality. Around it were gathered my anxious friends, using every means to awaken it, but all in vain.

A View of a Dying World

“Behold,” said my glorious guide, “a picture of human life. There, kindred, tortured with sympathetic love, struggle to hold the crumbling vase, and keep the flickering light from expiring. There, from youth to hoary age, rolls the tide of human woe. Fond hearts are severed. Death hides from mortal sight, even the tenderest lovely form. The opening flower that gladdens all around, folds its expanding leaves, withered by the touch of death. There, hopes, like dreamy phantoms, float in the mid-air of fancied bliss. As your vision expands, witness the movement of myriads of peoples. Earth, with her swarming millions, presents a mingled scene of rising hopes, ambition, strife and death. Her inhabitants are dismayed by the approach and fear of Death, the final destroyer. Time quickly measures the fleeting moments of human existence, and generations follow generations in quick succession.”

To this address I replied, “These thoughts are the burden of my young and inexperienced mind. These human forms you have shown me, are before my vision. They pass away like dew drops. This is the cause of my sorrow. Can you tell me in what portion of the universe these beings find a resting place when their spirits depart? Can you remove the veil that hides them from mortal vision? Can you guide me to where they are? O! tell me, do they have a home, or a place? May I follow to the place where my loved ones have been taken?” To this, she replied:

¹Marietta refers to this world and our physical bodies as the ‘outer form’. Heaven is the real world; this world and these bodies are simply an ‘outer form’ that we live in temporarily.

Man At Death

“Do you want to know the condition of the departed members of your race and become familiar with the effects of the habits and relationships of perverted man? To a certain measure you may, but know that their conditions are varied”.

Then bidding me look upward she said, “What do you see?” Obedient, I looked above me, and with wonder beheld an orb brighter by far than the earth’s sun in its midday glory. Light, pure, beaming along the skies, radiated from it. My guide said to me, “There are many you would like to see, who are now clothed in soft and white garments, and are moving in harmony with one another. There, night-shades never fall, and death and gloom have no part. Those who enjoy that blest abode do not suffer; no sin or pain disturbs their calm repose. But you will learn more about this later. Other less joyful scenes must be given you first. Marietta, you know well, that with man there are many varied characteristics. When the spirit of man departs from its unsettled and shattered earthen habitat below, there is no change in its nature”. Then touching my forehead again she said, “What do you see?”

A new scene opened to my vision, and I beheld before me innumerable humans struggling in the agonies of death. Some in kingly palaces on dying couches richly hung with costly drapery. Some in humble cottages; others in gloomy prisons; haunts of vice and iniquity; lonely forests; barren deserts, and in deep and wild waters. Some lying beneath the scorching sun; some perishing upon bleak and snowy mountains; some surrounded with weeping and attentive friends; others dying alone and forgotten. Some expiring from wounds inflicted by an assassin; others crushed beneath the heavy tread of the war-horse on the battlefield. Thus, a scene of indescribable misery was revealed at the very place where time and eternity meet. “This,” said my guide, “is but a faint view of the effects of violated law”.

Touched again by the light beaming from her right hand, I beheld the immortal spirits coming out of the earthen bodies of those who were dying, and entering the regions of eternity, commencing new and foreign realities. Around each dying body were gathered spirits, varied in appearance and in movement.

The spirits of those who died on battlefields congregated above the field, as well as the spirits of those who were to be their guides.

There the spirits met, each meeting with one of the same moral nature. In the same way all classes and conditions are effected. In this intermediate stage or vestibule of the spirit world, beings varying in character from the unholy and wretched to the bright and sanctified, congregate at the portals of death. In each class, as the spirits emerge from the dying bodies, they are attracted to and mix with their own kind—to whom they are joined. Those of discordant and unholy natures are attracted by like elements and enter into regions overhung with clouds of night; while those who love goodness and desire pure relationships are conducted by heavenly messengers to a glorious orb appearing just above the intermediate scene.

Watching human spirits mingle with those who had departed from the earthly bodies brought me strange sensations. Watching the things transpiring around them fascinated me. I started asking myself if what I was looking at was reality or mere imagery on my dreamy mind. Upon discovering my thoughts, my guide took me by the hand and said, “These beings moving around you were once inhabitants of the earth where you came from. Having left their mortal bodies, they are beginning a new stage of existence. It is their sudden change that is causing their surprise—a change from external to spiritual objects. They don’t yet understand cause and effect. But more of this stage and its condition will be shown you when you are ready. For now, we will leave these scenes and go up to that bright orb”. Then she led me toward a cloud of light.

While we were passing through the intermediate stage, she touched me again and I became conscious of additional expanded vision.

“Behold,” said she, “the countless, planetary hosts. Notice the rolling orbs, suns, and systems of suns, moving in silence and harmony. The vast expanse is occupied and peopled with universes,

constructed in infinite wisdom. These are inhabited by holy, happy, and immortal beings,² though they still vary in degree of development and spiritual refinement”.

The Ministry of Angels

Again my organs of perception were touched, and lo! above and around me, and far in the distance, were passing and re-passing with the quickness of thought, spirits of pure light.

“These,” said my guide, “are ministering angels; their supreme delight is to go on errands of mercy. Their home is with the ever blest. They are employed as guardian protectors and messengers to those in conditions below them”.

While beholding them ascend and descend, there drew near me one in whose arms and on whose angelic bosom was an infant spirit. The angel passed and I saw that the nourished nestling rested in calm security, apparently conscious of its safety in the hands of its protector. “Where did this one come from?” I inquired; and the angel answered, “I received it from a heart-broken mother at the gateway of death, as the spark of life expired in the external world. I am conveying it to the place for the infants in the paradise of peace”.

As the infant’s guardian spirit proceeded, we moved silently in the same direction, until the scenes below passed from my vision, and my being was absorbed in the bright light descending from the orb we were approaching. Soon we entered a plain where I saw fruit-bearing trees. Passing through these shadowy groves, I was delighted with the melody of the birds, whose warbling notes arose in sweetest song. There we paused. Supposing that I was on some terrestrial orb, I inquired its name.

My guide answered, “These trees, these flowers, these birds occupy the outer expanse of the spiritual paradise. They are so pure and so refined that mortals with beclouded vision can not behold them. Their notes are so soft that they are not audible to the dull hearing of men. Beings who live in more gross forms do not conceive the reality of the existence of nature so refined. Absent from your body, you can comprehend through spiritual senses the existence and reality of spiritual habitations; but what you are now beholding is but the outlying or more exterior of the home of spirits. These flower-covered plains and warbling melodies are but the lower order of the external habitation of the sanctified.

“Here the redeemed are first conducted by their guardian protectors, as they leave the valley of the shadow of death, and here they are taught the rudiments of immortal life. Here they receive instructions about their heavenly abode, and learn the nature of pure love, unmarred by sin. Here friends who have advanced in spiritual attainments return from higher employment to welcome the spirit on its entrance upon this plane of the spirit world. Here kindred are permitted to meet and hold converse; and ‘tis in these immortal groves where spirits first attempt to unite with the song of redeeming grace, and resting in soft and heavenly sweetness, breathe the pure air of paradise”.

While listening to this strange, though welcome address, my spirit burned to meet the friends long lost to me on earth. The angel said, “You are not to tarry, since your present mission is to learn the condition of the departed child of God. When your course on earth is ended, here you will mingle in the infancy of your immortal state, with your kindred and receive lessons, preparatory to an advance to more exalted mansions, the more glorified home of the blessed”.

Then she reached out her hand, and plucked a rose that hung over us, and bidding me receive its fragrance, with it she touched my lips. Again a deeper insight was given me, and I beheld around me moving in every direction through the varied floral scenes happy beings without number. Desiring to mingle with them, I sought permission; but my guide moved on, and upward through forests becoming more pure and fair as we ascended.

²See also, Part Three, page 20, fourth line.

City of Peace

At a distance, I saw a dome of light. “That,” said my guide, “is the gateway leading to the City of Peace. There the manifestation of your Redeemer is made visible. There saints and angels abide. On harps of gold and stringed instruments, with immortal lyres, in alleluias, they chant the Song of Redemption, the song of peace, the song of undying love”.

As we drew near, a class of attendants, more glorious, gathered around the gateway, and one at the front addressed my guide in a language I could not understand. A gate of jasper, set with diamonds, opened, and two angelic beings approached, and taking me by each hand, led my tremulous spirit towards and inner gate, a more immediate entrance to the pavilion of light.

Marietta Meets The Redeemer

Then I remembered my discordant state; then thoughts of my former sins, my doubts, and rebellious nature, rushed upon my mind, and feeling entirely unprepared to endure the glory of the assemblage, my spirit failed me. The angelic attendants then bore me in their arms along the portal to the feet of a being most glorious. Upon his head was a crown of pure light, and over his shoulders hung golden locks! His loveliness, can never be expressed.

“This, Marietta,” said an attending angel, “is your Redeemer. While in a mortal body, he suffered for you. For you he trod the winepress alone, outside the gate where He expired”. Awed by His goodness, tenderness and love, I bowed, feeling that if worthy I would worship him.

Reaching out his hand he raised me up, and in a voice that filled my soul with inexpressible delight, said, “Welcome for a period of time my child, my daughter, spirit of a forlorn/wretched race; enter into the gateway to the redeemed”. Then addressing the surrounding beings continued, “Receive this your companion spirit”.

And lo! the worshiping congregation arose as upon the breath of holy love, and meekly welcomed me as an heir of His gracious favor. With tuned instruments the immortal choir chanted the spirit’s welcome:

Worthy is the Lamb who has redeemed us
Exalt His name, all you sanctified ones
Yes, adore Him, you cherubim
Who worship in the celestial heavens
Adore Him, for He has exalted us
We will praise His name
The name of our God Most High.

The music of this soft and melodious utterance, moved like the voice of many waters, filling the entire dome, and as the anthem closed, the echo reverberated in the distance, as though borne from wave to wave upon the holy atmosphere. Each measure like noiseless waves swelled over that sea of thought; and I seemed to be moving with those gently reverberating waves.

She Meets Loved Ones

A spirit from the innumerable company approached and addressing me in a familiar manner, called me by name. The spell of music being broken, I was much affected to find myself in the embrace of one who on earth I had loved with the affection of an infant soul. With willingness I sank into her arms, and she with a sister’s tenderness pressed me to her immortal form, saying, “Sister spirit, welcome for a short while to our home of peace”.

“Thrice welcome,” uttered a thousand imitating voices, and lo! around me gathered those I loved, all eager to greet me, and receive me to their kind embrace. Around us in this spacious room, there appeared seats in the form of an amphitheater, yet glorious beyond description. There we rested, mingling with them. Many were old and familiar friends.

Although I recognized/knew them, their appearance was not like it was on earth, each being an embodiment of intellect not associated with the physical form, in which I had known them before.

Not having ability or any means to convey an adequate description, I can only give feeble utterance to my conceptions of their nature by saying, they appeared all mind, all light, all glory, all adoration, all love supremely pure, all peace and calm serenity, all united in sublime employ, all an expression of unfolding heavenly joy.

Freely did they converse, nor did they use the language of human beings. They spoke and there was no audible utterance, yet thought moved with thought, and spirit was familiar with the mind of the spirit. Ideas associated with their heavenly life, flowed from being to being, and soon I learned that in heaven there is no concealment, but rather harmony of soul, harmony of desire, harmony of speech, harmony in the swelling notes of adoring anthems, harmony in instruction, harmony in increasing thought. Harmony was their life, their love, their manifestation, and supreme delight.

Again with harps tuned in unison, they chanted a hymn to their Maker's name. My guide urged me to unite in the animating song of redemption. I could not join them, being absorbed in the contemplation and glory of this long-sought home of rest. When they closed that sacred hymn, my guide again touched my lips with the wand of light and bade me to mingle as a companion with the members of this divine abode.

Being after being pressed my immortal lips. They seemed anxious to fold me in their arms. They caressed me as a newborn soul, after looking up in thankfulness to their Redeemer and their Lord.

“And is this Heaven?” my spirit said. “Are these happy souls those who once struggled in bodies made of the dust of the earth? Are these immortal faces, radiant with the glory of this adored mansion, the spiritual countenances of those I have before seen in the care-worn life? And what happened to your wrinkles, the sign of old age, you immortal spirits?”

I have often listened to you, my earthly teacher, struggling to convey whatever faint idea or understanding or conception you had of immortal life. And I have often noticed grief when in your spirit you seemed to realize that to most minds it was all an ineffective effort. And then I have asked, can heaven be this glorious? Is not the picture too highly wrought? And can a mere human/mortal, if he attain to that blest abode, bask in the sunbeams of such supreme delight? And can he be assured that the highest thoughts of man fail to come close to the reality and the delights of this heavenly scene?

The Pilgrim's Address

Then approached me one whom on earth I had seen bending tremulously over the pilgrim's staff. I knew, 'twas one familiar, one of age and emaciated form, whose hoary head once told the story of a life of woe. Now in immortal youth the spirit stood before me; no staff was there; no trembling frame, no grief-worn cheek, no hollow eye, no sickly form; rather light and health and vigor were manifest. And the spirit said, “Behold in me the efficacy of redeeming grace. This heart was once the cage of unholy thoughts. These hands were employed in sin. These feet moved swiftly in the downward road that led to sorrow and to death. My mortal form—though not this form—but the one in which I used to live, was worn with grief, corrupt and dying with disease. But now, all hail that name, Immanuel! Through Him, redeemed, I wear garments of light and exist in immortal youth. This song I chant, ‘O death, where is your sting, and grave, where is your victory now? Worthy is the Lamb who offered Himself to redeem us! Worthy—O give Him adoration, you countless beings, you innumerable throng! Worship and adore Him, all intelligences! Yes, let the universes adore! Adore Him, for He is worthy to receive anthems of universal praise!’”

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The Glory of the Cross

Then appeared a company of children, who hand in hand, moved around and their infant voices chanted: “Praise Him, for lo, while on earth He said, ‘Let the infants come to me and don't forbid them; yes, let little children come to me, don't forbid them to come’”.

When this new song was ended, I looked and lo! the dome above me parted, and beings far more

glorious approached. Awed by the presence of the light, I approached my guide, who said, "What you have seen, Marietta, is but a foretaste of the joys to come. Here you have been welcomed, and here witnessed this manifestation of your Redeemer. But, behold! above you the descending glory of the Cross appears. Spirits, members of your race, redeemed, who are advanced to higher life, attend.

Then visible above me appeared a Cross, carried by twelve, on whose circle I read, "Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles". Above it was written, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews". Bowing at the feet was a spirit, whose raiment was white, and whose expression that of holy adoration. She kissed the Cross, and then descending, approached me, and said, "Welcome spirit from the world of woe. Lo! by the will of Jesus, even that Jesus who was crucified, my Lord and Redeemer, I come to commune with you. It is only by His permission that you are admitted here. Don't be sad, even if you are required to return to your friends on earth".

The thought of being subjected again to the sins and misfortunes of my former life so affected me that it seemed as if I was quitting the divine abode, and rapidly descending to earth; when lo! I was embraced by my guide, who said, "When you return, you shalt go to bear a message of holy love to earth; and at an appointed time, free from the power of mortal attachments, you shalt enter here, a member of this holy company".

The Message of the Spirit from the Cross to Marietta

The spirit who descended from the Cross then said, "Marietta, you have been conducted here for a wise end, and for that purpose I am permitted to instruct you in many things, pertaining to earth and heaven. The thought of returning makes you sad; yet you shalt go laden with riches, the riches of instructive truth.

"First learn that all of Heaven reveres the Cross. Before it myriads bow, and around it the redeemed delight to linger. Earth's religions are but dreamy scenes, compared to these. Vague and imperfect are the highest conceptions of the human soul, relative to our condition here. In perfect order the Spiritual Heaven begins just above the plains of earth. Around it move the guardian spirits. Mingling, as permitted, with the inhabitants of earth are countless guardian angels; Each mortal is being watched every moment, every hour, and every day by the spirit who has been appointed to his charge.

"Man does not know the nature of sin, nor the fullness of Grace in his Redemption. Numberless are the causes that prevent the light of heaven from reaching and controlling the race of man. They are wretched and death-ward tending. But the time will come soon when man will become more conscious of the reality of this abode, when his attention shall be turned more fully to the truth of Inner Life. Man's redemption is drawing near. Let angels fill the ranks of the chorus; for soon the Savior will be descending with his holy angels in attendance".

Then after an immortal hymn, she said, "Observe what passes around you. For lo, a faint expression of the joy that fills this land of peace will be mirrored upon your mind. You noticed when I bowed and kissed the Cross. All saints delight themselves in thus expressing their remembrance and regard for their Redeemer who offered himself as our sacrifice".

A pause in the address ensued, during which, voices, apparently in the distance, arose in soft and melodious alleluias. "Who are these?" I inquired.

"These are the ones," she said, "who having come out of great tribulation, they do not cease day nor night to raise their anthems high, in exaltation of their Savior's name.

"Would you dwell forever in this world of peace, joy and divine love? Would you bear some humble part with the psalms of these immortal choirs? Be admonished by your former incredulity, your lack of faith and consecration, for there are no other means than those in Christ, the Redeemer, by which to attain inheritance in this blest abode".

This last address revived within me remembrance of my former doubts, my want of confidence in the Savior, and of consecration to his cause. My spirit drooped. I saw the justice of the mild reproof, and inquired, "May I yet hope? Or is the opportunity to secure this heavenly life forever gone? I would gladly not return to earth. O, that I could forever dwell where peace like a river gently flows, and love unpolluted, moves from heart to heart"

"Be faithful, then," said the spirit, "to the light that has been given, and at last you shalt enjoy the bliss of heaven. Marietta, the scene now passing before you, is one fraught with interest. In this

assembly are the prophets and the martyred saints. See, their raiment is white, pure and transparent. Upon their breast is the manifestation of the Cross. In their, left hand is a golden censer, and in their right a small volume”.

The scene expanded and I saw that from the center around which the multitudes were congregated, arose a pyramid whose column was composed of pearls and most precious stones, set with crosses of spiritualized diamond, upon which were engraven the names of those who had suffered because of their love of truth, and who did not consider their lives dear, had endured persecution even unto death. Upon this column stood three spirits, in the attitude of meekness and adoration, holding in their hand, and above them a cross from which floated an ever-unfurling banner. “These,” said my guide, “are select, one patriarch, one prophet, and one apostle. They represent the triune circle of commissioned saints who shall attend the reappearing of the son of man, and shall go forth in the day appointed, gathering together the elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven.

“The volumes the spirits hold in their hands unfold the order of creation, the redemption of man, and the principles which govern the obedient ones in a world without end”.

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Children in Paradise

As the former scene closed, the spirit who kissed the Cross was radiant with the light of life. She raised her hand, and two children drew near. They approached her and bowed gracefully. Each placed a hand in hers, meekly looked into her lovely face and smiled.

Addressing me she said, “These children left their mortal form while in their infancy, and being innocent, were conducted to paradise.

The older of the two, thus introduced, said, “Marietta, I rejoice to commune with you, since you shalt return to those who loved us and who mourned our departure from the valley of death. When you are again conversing with mortals, say to the one who now sits by your body, that we have learned that though parents may grieve for us, ours is a cup overflowing with gladness to the spirit set free.

“Marietta, this is the world we know. Here we first awoke to the reality of our existence. Earth we visit, conducted by our guardian angels; but it is unlike heaven. There we witness sorrow, pain and death; here, harmony, happiness and life are abiding”.

He³ then looked down as if in deep meditation and all was silent. I thought the subject which had engaged his mind, had made him sad, but soon saw that his attitude was occasioned by the approach of an angel who in ascending had passed just above us. O, how my being was affected at the sight! Light surrounded her as a custom-made garment. Her very movement was the harmony of harmonies. I desired to follow, and said; “O tell me, who is this glorious being? I feel her sacred influence, and ardently desire to enjoy the society and the abode of such beings”.

“This,” said the spirit, “is an angel who belongs to the Infant Paradise. Have you not read in the Gospel, that blessed expression of the Redeemer, ‘In heaven their angels always behold the face of their heavenly Father?’ (Matthew 18:10) This angel is over the guardian protection of infants, and is assigned to meet infant spirits as they leave the external world and enter into the spiritual. She pauses in her ascension for you. She holds out her arms, and what do you see, Marietta?” I answered, “A small pale light”.

The angel then breathed upon it, as if imparting life, and pressed it to her bosom in fondness infinitely above any fondness displayed by earthly mothers. I knew the little spirit was at rest. As I felt the heavenly blessedness that surrounded and pervaded the angel, again I wished to fly away with

³During Marietta’s heavenly visit, she met many who were referred to as ‘she’. Besides this boy, the only ones referred to as ‘he’ were Justice, Jesus the redeemer, God the Father, the spirit of anti-Christ, and a few others.

her and the infant, and be blessed forever. But while I was struggling to ascend, the angel arose—in a flash of light and she disappeared.

The Sorrowing Mother on Earth

Then a far different scene was revealed. Below me in a little room, I saw a female kneeling by the lifeless body of her departed child. She convulsed, and at times tears streamed from her eyes, and then her face was as marble, her eyes set and glassy, and her whole body quivered while she pressed kiss after kiss upon the cold cheek of her lost babe. Just then a man gravely dressed in black entered. The group gave way and he silently approached the weeping mother, and taking her by the hand said, “Sister arise. The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Jesus said, ‘Let the little children come to me and don’t forbid them, because the kingdom of heaven is made up of such. I say unto you, their angels always behold the face of their Heavenly Father.’” (Matthew 19:14, 18:19 & Luke 18:16)

Next I saw that mother, sitting beside a coffin, in an earthly assembly. Her sight was fixed upon the ceiling. Her countenance wore an expression of despair. Before the coffin stood the grave-looking man, whom I had seen enter the death room. He read a Psalm, offered prayer for the afflicted, and then encouraged the mourners, by endeavoring to prove from the sacred text that the babe, though dead will live again, and that an angel had conveyed it to Abraham’s bosom.

The assembly disappeared, and the same child again addressed me saying, “The lifeless form just seen in the vision, was a representation of my own body, the weeping mother was my own mother; the scene was that which transpired when I left that body; the grave man was the minister of a congregation in the outer world.

“The angel who paused while passing us was the bright spirit who conveyed me far above the influence of evil magnetism, to a place prepared for the young and delicate infants, where spirits appointed, are ever occupied in nourishing infant minds. Do you wish to visit that nursery?” Thus saying he looked up to the spirit, as if to ask permission to conduct me there.

— 6 —

The Infant Paradise

In a moment we were ascending in the direction of the angel who had borne along the infant, and who had disappeared in the light. Soon we drew near that which at first appeared like a city built in the midst of a floral plain. There appeared stately edifices and streets lined with trees whose foliage cast a lovely shade; on whose branches birds of all colors appeared; and although all were singing with different notes, all mingled in one full and perfect harmony. Many of the *birds* corresponded to those on earth, and yet were as superior to them as the Paradise itself is superior to the mortal world.

As we proceeded, the beauty and harmony increased, and new scenes appeared. The architecture of the edifices, the sculptures in the open air, the fountains that sparkled in the light, the trees that waved their extended branches, the flowers and flowering vines becoming more majestic, interwoven and beautiful. There were also many avenues, each of which, slightly ascending, led to a common center toward which we pursued our way.

Instruction of Infants

As we advanced, I perceived before me a vast and complicated structure, whose outer walls and towers appeared to be marble, but at the same time, they appeared as delicate as snow. This served as the foundation of a vast canopy, like a dome, though far too extensive for *the* earthly architectural meaning of these words. We drew near this building, and I perceived that the dome was suspended over the vast circular space. “This,” said my guide, “is the place where all infants from your globe are gathered for their instruction. The infants are first bought here and nourished beneath the smile of their guardian angels. Each nursery, though somewhat varying, is a miniature of this vast temple where instruction is made manifest. Each is a home for the infant spirits who stay there until they attain to higher levels and enter the Paradise of more advanced youthful existence, for degrees of instruction adapted to a more intellectual condition. Over each of these are appointed seven maternal

guardians. Marietta, you can see that no two buildings are perfectly alike in interior beauty, external form or decoration, but all of them harmoniously combine. And each guardian angel is different in the amount of light that radiates from her, and each has individuality of the face and form. This you are permitted to know.

Classification of Infants

“Whenever an infant dies on earth, the guardian angel who brings the spirit up to the Land of Peace, perceives its interior type of mind, and according to its type it is classed with others of like order of intelligence; and as the skillful gardener on earth in one floral division trains the various species of the lily, and in another compartment roses, and in another the camellias or the honeysuckles; so here angelic wisdom classifies the infant spirits, and according to their variety of artistic, scientific, and social tendencies, assigns each a home best adapted to the unfolding of its interior germs of life, into intellectual, artistic or industrial harmony.

“Over each of these places where instruction is being laid out for the infants, there preside seven guardian angels, who collectively form one octave⁴ of instruction. These angels are also of a type of mind that agrees with their associates, just as one note harmonizes with the associate tones and semi-tones of the harmonic scale.

“The infants are brought each day⁵ to the center pavilion that their unfolding natures may be further instructed. As soon as these infants rise to a degree suitable for the general assembly in the great center dome, or temple of instruction, they are led first from their homes to their own school. Then emerging from their wards, they move underneath a cloud of angel choralists chanting loud alleluias to their Prince and Savior. It is under a canopy of harmony that the infants move toward the center temple”.

A School in Paradise

As the vision closed, I saw on our right a portion of one of the lesser temples remove, as if an invisible hand gathered it in a manner similar to the removal of a suspended curtain. The interior of one of the nurseries appeared visible. And lo! to my already astonished spirit, I saw it supremely and gloriously lighted and adorned with artistic beauty in harmony with the majestic appearance of the paradise of infants. At first I was greatly bewildered/humbled, feeling my own unfitness to behold any abode so pure, lovely and majestic. “There,” I unconsciously uttered, “is heaven”. My reflections were perceived by my instructress who observed, “Marietta, behold the manifestation of infant life in Paradise. Let us enter, and there you will learn the true condition of those who leave the world of sorrow while still babes, and who are immediately conveyed to this place, and from then on are happy. Little do mortals know of the blessedness attending their little ones who leave in the morning of their existence. Those who believe in Christ the Messiah, become reconciled to the loss, but this is mostly upon condition of the law of submission established in the Christian’s heart. I was once a mother⁶ in the world of sorrow and loss. There I learned to weep; and there I also learned the

⁴octave-this word means eight. On a piano keyboard from the key of C to the next key of C inclusive makes eight keys, and is called an octave. Marietta also mentioned the harmonic scale. Perhaps this is the meaning: In the next sentence, she is comparing one level of instruction to one octave on the harmonic scale—and passing from each level is like passing from one octave on the musical scale to the next higher octave.

⁵In the eternal world, there is no such thing as day and night. When Marietta used this term, “each day”, she used a term that her readers in this world are used to.

⁶This same angel who kissed the cross later told Marietta that she was once a mother in the world of sorrow and loss. Did she become an angel? Note Jesus words: “...when they rise from the dead in the resurrection, they...are like angels of God in heaven” (Matthew 22:30 and Mark 12:25). Note: Jesus only said, “...they will be like angels”. It seems that some will be indistinguishable from

priceless value of faith in God's mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ the Messiah. There, Marietta, did I bid goodbye to the infants, who lived just long enough to cause pain to a mother's heart at their parting.

Children Are Safe from Evil

"Three times I pressed to my fond heart my beloved babies, flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone and life of my life, and looking up to God, adored Him for these precious gifts. But I had scarcely hoped for a blest future for them, placing all my heart on them, when, like young and tender buds, they were nipped by the frost of death, and I was left wounded, heart sick, a broken woman. But I hoped in Jesus, and consigned them to Him, believing they were well. But, Marietta, if I had only known, if I could have but seen what you now see, with knowledge added to faith, my soul would have had great rest. Here the babe who has left its parents in woe, is only waiting their arrival, and here it is safe from the contaminations of the vices and sins of the fallen race. Marietta," she continued, "do you see these germs of immortality?"

I beheld and lo! the interior that was opened before me was that of a temple gloriously adorned. In circular tiers, one rising above the other, were niches or segments of circles. In each reposed an infant spirit. Before each was an attending guardian angel whose purpose was to prepare her infant to be fit for higher life. Each germ is formed by the spirit for its eternal existence in holy usefulness. Each angel breathes upon her charge, and each breath causes its capacity and life to expand. The breath is that of holy love and inspiration, as her life is in God whose enlivening spirit pervades all angels in the heavens.

As we entered, I saw that those infants, as they awoke to still greater consciousness, and as they beheld their angel bending over them, wore an expressive smile, and were happy.

Could I portray to you this one nursery, and so fix it in your mind that you could realize its glorious magnificence, then I would be more content, but I cannot.

There are also angels appointed, who touch in softest notes, the various instruments upon which melody is made. Thus music is ever mingling with that of angelic voices of sweet and heavenly utterance. So soft, sweet, and melodious was that music that it served to give life, activity and strength to the spirit nerve of those who were reposing beneath the smile of their guardians. "This", said the spirit who conducted me there, "is but one of the many of these great temples, and it corresponds to all the rest in this degree.

"Oh that earthly parents could realize: their babies who were not allowed to remain in their world until their understanding would awaken, had to be born in their world. From the earth they ascend directly to places already prepared for them". Then she added, "But, Marietta, you have not witnessed the most delightful of all the realities connected with this temple".

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Infants Received by the Savior

As she spoke, each of the guardian angels arose with the infant in her charge and poised in the great space around the angel who held the Cross. Instantly a light, infinitely superior to that in the temple, descended from above; and I was awed by the awesome presence of a retinue of angels, in whose midst was one like that glorious being I had been informed was my redeemer.

As they approached the center, the manifestation of the Cross disappeared before the greater light; the angel retinue paused, and the Being whom they attended smilingly said, "Let the little children come to me, don't forbid them". The sweetness and gentleness of that expression, and the love that shone from his face as these words came out of his lips, overcame me, and I sank at the feet of my heavenly conductor, who raised me up, and drew me to her angel breast.

How I wish the world could see and hear what happened next. As he spoke, those guardian angels drew near, and each one presented him with their treasure. He moved his hand above them, and goodness, like dew-drops, dropped from his hands, and the infants appeared to drink as from a

angels.

fountain of living water. They were blessed. The breath of life was flowing out from that Being. The temple wore a new aspect.

As the scene was closing, the angels who attended him played upon stringed instruments, and sang the song of Redemption. He showed his approval of what the guardian angels had done by a movement of his gracious hand, and they all bowed and veiled their faces in the glorious garment that covered them. Suddenly music, like the voice of many waters, arose from every temple in the broad nursery of the great city. And as the sound advanced in one swelling wave of angelic song, that being, with those who had accompanied him, re-ascended, and the angels of this temple resumed their former movement.

“This,” said my guide, “was but an elementary display of the activities in heaven which those who nurture infant spirits find to be a most thrilling, enjoyable activity. That’s why they were appointed to nurture these infant spirits and to prepare them for the time when the infants also will be brought into useful activity. If man had not departed from purity and harmony, and therefore from companionship and kinship to beings of an exalted nature, the earth would have been a proper nursery for new-born spirits.

Moral Nature of Angels is Pure

“Sin, Marietta, removed the condition of the sinner from that of angels. It was by sin his moral nature became changed. Angels are pure. No stain is found upon them, no evil desires ever awaken improper energies within them. From them life radiates in its pure element. That life brings forth life in those whom the angel is nourishing. More dependent spirits arise within their aura of divine influence. Similarly, they are moving within the glory of those societies more exalted than themselves; who also are moving in the light and enjoying the life-sphere of a still higher class of beings. In this way, all pure spiritual beings are together in spheres of higher life. Because they are together, a greater measure of that life flows down from God, who is the Life of everyone. Similarly, there is superior blessedness in the circles of those more exalted. By receiving from them unceasingly, they are refined and exalted, until the terrestrial becomes the spiritual, and the spiritual the celestial.

“Those who are in discord are separated from any kind of relationship with those who are of purer natures. Men do not know the loss they sustain. While in the darkness as a result of their sinful condition, they do not realize their need of and the benefit of a Savior. The one who restores the relationship is the Redeemer. Here, those who are mature can understand the law of salvation, even life in Christ the Messiah. It is through this knowledge that they come up to an acceptable adoration of the one who is their Redeemer.

Heaven Filled With Praise for the Redeemer

“Did you not notice that as the one who blessed these little ones ascended, all the nurseries of this great city chanted praises in unison to God and to the Lamb? This was spontaneous, for those who know the consequences of sin are the better prepared to behold in Jesus condescension and infinite mercy, and from their inmost being, to adore him. But when he moves in their midst, they utter songs silently; however, while he is withdrawing from them, they resume their loud praises. These happy beings, Marietta, could no more refrain from that full manifestation of joy and thanksgiving, than life could cease to flow from Him who is the Author of Life. That’s the way it is throughout all heaven, and especially all preparation places for the spirits of the redeemed. Do you not realize that each breath of those beings around you is but a separate volume of praise to God?

“If men still in their bodies knew the goodness of God in redemption, they would cease from evil, and learn righteousness and the ways of peace. Marietta, do you understand this?”

I felt the reproof, knowing my former infidelity as to salvation through Jesus, and I would have gladly veiled my spirit from the scrutiny of that spirit who thus addressed me. I knew I had doubted the immortality of the soul, and man’s restoration from evil through the Lord Jesus Christ the Messiah. And now I beheld that he is all and in all; the source of every pure and holy delight, and the theme of all I had been permitted to see in the world of spirits.

Infants Promoted to the Next Level

As soon as the angels had gotten back to their places, my guide informed me that those infant spirits I had just seen the Redeemer bless, had been given into the charge of other angels. Those angels delight in gently training the minds by means adapted to their advancing condition. She also let me know that another scene was approaching in which I would witness the reception of infants just arriving from the earth. Just as she finished speaking to me, I saw above and around me angels poising in the serene atmosphere, waiting for their treasures the moment they arrive, to carry them into the temple. When the former angels had given up their charges and were preparing to receive another class, these entered and occupied the center around the Cross.

Cause of Premature Death of Infants

“Those angels,” said my guide, “who are encompassed in a light greater than that of the temple, are of a higher and more exalted nature. From them proceeds an aura/halo of superior light. This light is the descending life of pure holy love. Don’t you see how concentrated it is? It is encompassing and overshadowing those germinal existences⁷ in the arms of the guardian angels. That which is nourished by each angel is a spirit whose being has just begun, and who, by reason of nature’s violated laws, has been separated prematurely from its infant form in the external world. While this soft music thrills every fibre of the infant being, the Supreme Spirit is reorganizing that fibre and giving it enlarged capacity—making each organ fit perfectly and harmoniously into its proper place. Thus it is establishing tone and proper energy in the system. The life-giving spirit gives energy and expansion to the life principle that is unfolding; so that the intellect may perceive, the judgment operate, the understanding embrace realities, and the being enjoy its life”.

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Infants Restored to Harmony

Again I was touched with a stream of light which gave me to understand that those infants are a complex and exceedingly delicate unstrung instrument. Each separate or distinct portion had movement, but not determination; and appeared separately to lie in a sort of spasm-like action. I addressed my guide, saying, “At first I saw in the angel’s arms the life-germ of an infant form. This germ was so delicate, that I could not comprehend how its guardian spirit could save the flickering taper. Then I saw descending from above a light which surrounded and filled their spirit. Then it moved as if receiving life and energy. Again I saw the separate tissue, apparatus, and system of organs of that infant, and lo! all were dis severed. Tell me, how shall these so varied, complicated, and deranged unite in harmony?”

Restoration of Infant Begins

Again light surrounded my spirit, and the brightness penetrated its secret chambers. Most exquisite perceptions were awakened in me, and it appeared that a new being of my own was arising, and it was looking out on the scene. Existing in each of those smallest organs, I saw that numberless spirit functions were responding to the touch of some invisible power. Thus invigorated, each part of the organ manifested flowing energy. Being prompted, those parts embraced each other like animate and intellectual beings. It was as if they were moved by understanding, and they resolved to comply perfectly. I saw each one harmonized and adapted perfectly. They embraced and joined together in such a way that they lost their individual identity. I perceived them as one, and this one moved perfectly as a distinct being. By the light of the three angels above, I had seen the unfolding and arising of each organ and function in the infant. I saw these separate organs correspond and embrace each other. They were so joined together that individual distinctions were lost.

Then my soul unconsciously uttered, “Praise him for his mighty works” — all this because my

⁷By “germinal existences” Marietta seems to refer to those who died only moments after conception.

spirit had looked upon an infant brought into the perfection of angelic life; yes, an infant restored! I had looked at it as a flickering taper; then as a complex instrument unstrung; and finally saw it surrounded and pervaded by the sphere of life from the angels above.

As I had observed each organ as it tremulously moved while being operated on by the spirit of life, and I had despaired of its restoration. I had witnessed the wondrous effect of its movement by its inmost interior capacity. Yes, I had seen these arise, given life from above, and embrace each other, joining together and then arising again. They had so joined together so that I could now see that which was before disjointed from that with which it should have been associated.

And I had seen it out of harmony, but now a well-tuned instrument, and in the likeness of an angel spirit. As it looked up into the face of the angels, it smiled. That smile bespoke intelligence and harmony. Truly I thought here is the exposition of that text, “Don’t marvel at my saying to you, you must be born again”. (John 3:7) And from what had passed before me, I felt the force of that beautiful expression of David when he said, “We are fearfully and wonderfully made”. (Psalm 139:14) And turning to my guide, I inquired, “Is this real? Is this a spirit redeemed? Is this process absolute in the restoration of a soul born of broken elements?”

“Truly,” said my guide, “what you have seen is real. You are starting to understand that sin has hindered the movement and power of grace on that spirit and caused it to be out of harmony. That is the violation of the law, the law of being and the law of God. The light descending from angels, Marietta, could not restore, and the music could not harmonize, nor could the maternal guardians supply that which was lost. Their purpose was to support the external, while this separating process proceeded. It was the Redeemer who restored the components and fitted them for proper use. He has the power to tune each fibre of the being and purify and breathe the life of holiness into the soul. And he gives new life-tone, energy, inclination, and love. Finally He arranges for them to be brought into that perfect life while they are still infants. Now you are beholding a spirit in the consummation of its redemption. This spirit is now prepared to rest in the soft and balmy bed of repose from which you have seen others arise to higher life. Marietta, treasure this in your soul, but learn that while this was passing before you, it is only one of many which you have seen in this nursery of infant life.

“And now the scene changes, and another approaches. Listen, Marietta. The melody of angels moves on the holy atmosphere of the city. They chant praises to God and the Lamb for their redemption; for great is the number of these spirits restored to the harmony of perfect beings. And so it is, Marietta, that thanksgivings are offered to our Heavenly Parent at the closing of each scene. This brings the newborn spirit into the harmony and the possession of heaven”.

Oh! how my spirit caught the heavenly flame as it rose, volume succeeding volume, in ascending praise, adoration, and glory, inexpressible and divine! As the Revelator said, “It was as the voice of many waters”. (Revelation 1:15)

It appeared that the whole city resolved itself into the voice of praise. “Oh! is this heaven?” I said. How blessed it is to be accounted worthy to enter the city of God. And if this is only the Infant Paradise, if this is the song uttered in view of the restoration to harmony and heaven of this class of infant spirits, though great their number, how vast and incomprehensible must be that expression of thanksgiving when redemption is complete, and the Bride, the Lamb’s wife, shall touch the golden harp as they arise from the marriage supper, in that great day when God shall make up his jewels?

The bliss was so entrancing in its effects upon me, that I felt like ascending with the divine aspirations: but reflections upon my unfitness overcame me, and I fell into the holy arms of my guide.

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Jesus Revealed as Suffering on the Cross

As I lay in the arms of my heavenly guardian, I looked into her face, which wore an expression of deep emotion. With earnestness her eyes were fixed above; and her holy lips moved as if in prayer. At first the expression of her features was so sorrowful, that I thought she would weep; but tears would have been a feeble manifestation of that feeling which, I could plainly see, continued to increase. Truly, I said, thinking silently, do angels grieve? Can sorrow enter this Holy City? The

music had ceased—its echo reverberated, moving into the distance. Silence reigned in the vast expanse. I still leaned upon the breast of my blessed protector, anxiously observing what was passing. Light from above shone upon her brow with increasing brilliancy. Her eyes were still fixed; and, to employ earthly expressions, her bosom began to heave, her lips became motionless, and her glowing countenance had the appearance of reverential awe. Her looks were so expressive that I felt like shrinking from her arms, and was so awed that I did not notice the cause of her excitement.

Without turning her eyes, she gently laid her snowy white and spotlessly pure hand on my head and raised it upward. Being directed towards that on which her attention was fixed, to my utter astonishment, I beheld the cause of her silent reverence. Not only hers, but all the inhabitants of the city were pervaded by wondrous admiration. There—oh if only the whole world knew it!—there hung upon the Cross, and from all I could comprehend, bleeding and dying, my Lord and Redeemer! Oh! that sight! No human heart can know its effects upon the spirits who attend in the Infant Paradise. The crown of thorns, the nails, the mangled form, the flowing blood, the look of compassion, were so plainly manifested and combined, as to convey to the soul an idea of suffering, the most intense and excruciating suffering that the world knows.

Adoration of the Crucified One

Around the Cross were congregating from every part of the city, guardian angels with their infant spirits. As they gathered around, everyone manifested deep humility and holy reverence. As soon as they had assumed this uniform attitude, they held out the infant spirits whom they had in their charge, directing their infant minds to the Cross and the Sacrifice. At that moment an angel clothed in bright garments descended and moved around the Cross, holding in his hand his glittering crown. Then bowing he worshiped silently as did everyone who had congregated there. After this, turning to the guardian angels he said, “Adore Him, for He is the Redeemer of a ruined race. Yes, let all Heaven adore Him!” Then as he lifted up his right hand, I saw in it a little book. In imitation all the angels in like manner raised their right hands, in each of which was also a book of like dimensions. Then appeared, as from an invisible dome, a choir of angels. These had palms in their hands, and they with one voice sang praises to God and to the Lamb. The first part I could not understand, but they concluded saying, “Let the little children to come to me; the kingdom of heaven is made up of this kind. (Matthew 19:14 & Luke 18:16) Out of the mouths of nursing infants and babies You have perfected praise. (Matthew 21:16 quoting Psalm 8:2) Amen, alleluia, amen!”

Then the guardian angels drew still closer to the Cross, presenting the spirits in their charge, who were addressed in a way that was entirely beyond my comprehension. At the close of this scene, each infant was touched with a stream of light. They smiled and bowed their heads, while holding up in their little clasped hands the image of the Cross, which had been given them by their angels. Again they were folded in the arms of their protectors; and again the choir chanted a loud anthem, which, being echoed by the surrounding spirits, filled the city with one volume of holy melody. Then the Cross and Sacrifice disappeared. The angels returned where they had come from, and the city was restored to its former appearance.

During this manifestation, my guide had not moved nor uttered a word, but appeared to enter into the spirit of that manifestation. She realized that they had been presented a scene of absorbing interest.

No Heaven Without the Cross

At length I inquired, “Is there no heaven without the Cross and the Sacrifice? Each scene is centered around a manifestation of the Cross. Each spirit reverences it with holy awe, and each hymn of praise utters the name of the Sacrifice”.

She replied with suppressed accents, “The Cross is ever before the vision of redeemed spirits. In every circle is seen the Cross. Every flower, every artistic production, includes a Cross, as though it was inserted throughout by an invisible hand. And all instruction is based on that blessed symbol of redeeming love. It is the duty of the guardian angels to instruct the spirits under their charge, in the great truth of redemption through Jesus, who suffered upon the Cross. For this purpose each class of spirits, as they pass from their first guardian protectors, to the care of others, are in like manner

congregated. And by this means the Cross and the Sacrifice are imaged and enstamped within their inmost being. So it is that the nature and image of the Cross brings them into a higher spiritual plane and into a more exalted existence. And this is how He appears to all of the redeemed and sanctified spirits. No craftiness can in any way be found in them. All angels can see the Cross in those around them as it shines forth from the soul which has received its impress. For this reason no one can hide a hateful spirit from their angels or the spirits of just men made perfect. Where the Cross does not shine, there is no pure love; and the heart in which it is not visible, is not at peace with God. Marietta, in heaven there can be no craftiness.

“But this, with other manifestations yet to come, is only an introductory view of the principles of heavenly life, which in due time will be unfolded more perfectly with manifestations more expanded and more specific”.

— 10 —

The City Viewed from a Superior Plain

Then I heard a voice from above us saying, “Come up here”. At that moment I beheld a circular expanse, like the interior of a tower, whose spiral walls formed ascending galleries, winding upward into the superior glory. This lovely pathway seemed formed of rainbows wreathed in spirals of prismatic hue, and reflecting varying but ever-beautiful tints of matchless luster.

Carried on a cloud of essential light that, like a chariot, gently ascended the spiral, we passed from the surface of the city and advanced along the rising galleries of this tower of rainbow forms and glories. Seated by the side of my companion was the spirit who had kissed the Cross. Captivating and pervading my breast was a sense of calm composure, full of holy peace and delight far superior to any previous condition.

Soon we emerged from the ascending gallery of rainbows and stood upon an aerial plain, resting in the transparent air above that magnificent and lofty dome which crowns the center temple of instruction in the paradisaical abode.

From this position I beheld the great city stretched out on every side beneath my view. It was so situated that I could perceive at a glance the general features of its plan, and to contemplate its entire form as a picture of surpassing loveliness.

Beneath me the sublime Temple of Instruction, built of most precious materials, and in a style of architecture which I am unable to describe, arose into the air from the center of a circular lawn of huge proportions. Its green surface appeared covered with the softest and richest verdure. Majestic trees in groups, and at regular intervals arose, bearing a profusion of fragrant and shining clusters of flowers. Beneath their shade, and on the more open spaces, appeared minute flower beds; filled with every variety of flowers and blossoming shrubs and vines. Fountains of living waters also were visible. Some of them were rising from the green grass and flowed with a low and pleasant murmur through marble channels or through beds of golden sands. Others gushed out in full volume to a lofty height and came down in glowing streams of every variety or form. Those waters were caught in basins, some of which were like diamond, but others were like burnished silver or the whitest pearl.

This lawn was encircled by a lofty but open trellis work; and at its eastern side appeared a gateway without doors, from the center of which flowed out a stream of living water, supplied from the fountains within the enclosure.

I now directed my attention to the surrounding city, and perceived that it was divided into twelve large divisions by this river of living waters, which flowing in a spiral course. It was bordered on either side by a wide and regular avenue, in twelve great curves or circles, proceeding from the center to the circumference. I also perceived that twelve other streets intersected this spiral avenue, centering in the consecrated ground about the Temple, and radiating to twelve equally divided points in the outer limit of the scene.

Sublime Architectural Arrangement of the City

As my vision followed the pathway of the flowing river and the stately avenues, my mind became absorbed till all sense of person or time was merged into the entrancing sight: The city was divided into one hundred and forty-four great wards or divisions, arranged in a series of advancing

degrees of sublimity and beauty. From the outer limit to the center was one gently ascending and encircling pathway of ever-increasing loveliness. Each building was of vast extent, and corresponded with all others as a perfect part of a most perfect whole. Thus the entire city appeared to be one garden of flowers; a grove of shady foliage; a gallery of sculptured imagery; a rippling sea of fountains; one unbroken extent of princely architecture all set in a surrounding landscape of corresponding beauty. The whole was arched over by a sky adorned with hues of immortal light, that bathed and encircled each and every object with an ever-varying and increasing charm.

No Rivalry in Heaven

Then I beheld the movement of the inhabitants. But I can give only a minuscule portion of what I saw moving before me. I can only describe it by saying that the entire movement was melody. The angelic multitudes appeared to be animated by one all-inspiring love: A commitment to the unfolding of their infant charges into the perfect society in which they were being brought up, by moving in the wisdom of one orderly plan. No angel manifested a separate, personal movement, disconnected from the universal harmony, but all appeared to co-operate and to be inspired from one Superior Source. I saw that no rivalry, emulation, or desire of selfish glory existed in the lovely groups of infants. Rather, each group and those in each nursery or palace were joined in affection for the superior, corresponding and more mature societies. Each little child was filled with holy love, and desired to become advanced in holy wisdom and fitted to be used as an angel of light and loveliness. I also saw that each delighted in learning from those above, and, to exercise their entire being in harmonic and unselfish works of love. In this it was revealed that each child and each group advanced in orderly series, from temple to temple, from palace to palace, from circle to circle. As one group advanced, it occupied the place just vacated by an older group and gave place to a more youthful family in its former abode.

Thus like the movement of Spring upon some unfallen Paradise, I saw each little child, as a living blossom of immortality, unfold from beauty to beauty, while all above was glory, and all around was loveliness, and all within was harmonious movement of unfolding life, love and knowledge of heaven and adoration of the Savior, and inspiration of undying joy.

Having thus beheld the City in its glory, usefulness and magnificence, my vision expanded even more. Beyond the extreme circle of palaces, I saw more perfectly what I had seen before while in the city, that is, multitudes of angels readying and gathering to enter the outer temples at the appointed time. I saw that each class was congregating according to the class or school to which the infants they had with them were best adapted. These angels approached as on wings of wind, and around them a bright cloud enrobed them. They appeared to me as though they were clothed with the sun. In their arms, as before stated, were infant spirits whose existence appeared to depend upon the care of their guardian angels.

As they drew very near, each would pause a moment, poising in the holy and serene atmosphere, and then inclining to an appropriate position, would rest.

This most glorious view in its delightful unfolding was now somewhat changed, and my guide addressed me, saying, "Marietta, behold the order and glorious wonders of this first and most simple degree of a spiritual paradise. These angels you have seen in their employment are ever engaged in this delightful duty. Here, as has been taught you, infants are assembled from the world that we are from, and from this blessed realm they are conducted to other and superior schools of instruction.

"But before you are permitted to advance, a solemn and instructive lesson shall be given you".